

It is not easy to conceive a prettier little poem than this:

Night tappeth gently at a casement, gleaming  
With the thin fire-light, flickering faint  
And low;  
By which a grey-haired man is sadly  
dreaming  
O'er pleasures gone, as all life's pleasures go!  
Night calls him to her, and he leaves his  
door,  
Silent and desolate; and returns no more!

which the sun had faded, but which

over the abyss; and it was not till  
their assistance could avail him that

year of American independence.  
**JACOB BELL,**  
 Aug 8 w5      Ordinary Highland Dist.

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March 2 PHOENIX OFFICE.

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